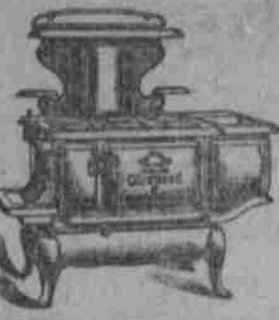


Famous For Baking



Glenwood

The Range that "Makes Cooking Easy"

Reynolds & Son, Barre

LOVE'S REVOLUTION

By EDGAR FALES MOODY
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They lived beside a river. Theirs had been a love match, and love matches are not often made on any other principles than love. They had been brought up in affluence and kept house on little or nothing, illustrating the saying, "When poverty comes in at the door, love flies out through the window."

No; this is not true. They loved each other deeply—more deeply than when they were married. But they were overstrained. Moreover, they fell into the habit of giving vent to their feelings, and the more they gave way in this respect the more they were egged on by tired nerves to do so. Their quarrels grew more frequent and more violent. He would growl at the table that there was nothing on it fit to eat, and she would tell him that he was responsible for the quality of the food or the lack of it. From that it would be ermination and reconciliation till they would both be trembling with anger.

One night they quarreled till he felt that if he did not go away from her he should do so or say that which would be irreparable. He opened the door and went out into the front yard. The air was balmy, and the full moon shone down from a clear sky. He went out to the gate, through it, and as it swung back the latch caught with a click.

She heard it and said to herself: "He is gone. I shall never see him again. My dream has vanished. I do not care to survive it."

He went across the road and looked down at the river. At first he did not see it. His brain was whirling and could take nothing in through his eyes. But presently he saw the water peacefully flowing, reflecting the silent heavens from its bosom. An irrepressible desire overcame him to put an oblivion to his troubles by sinking himself and them in this place of rest. He turned and walked a short distance down the stream to where there was a bridge. Going on to the bridge, he stood, looking over the rail. The bark of a dog came faintly from a distance.

There was a sound above as though some one had thrown something into the river. He listened, but heard nothing more. Then, mounting the rail, he let himself down on the projecting slanks beyond and stood there, listening to two voices. The one said: "Go back to her. Soothe her. Say to her: Let the past be passed; we will begin anew; we will bring back the love we felt before we were married." The other voice said: "She will not listen, or if she does the reconciliation will not last. At the first annoyance she will lose her self control, I will lose mine, and we will rush again into a whirlwind of passion."

He listened to the last voice and made up his mind. Just as he was about to take the final plunge he saw something on the surface of the water floating with the current toward him. What was it about this undefined something that awoke a new tempest within him—a tempest of a reverse of that under which he had been wrecked? The floating object looked like a

Proprietary Medicine Frauds Should Be Exposed

There have been plenty of them, no doubt, and they have been vigorously condemned—so vigorously, that every sort of medicine, the formula of which is privately owned, is condemned and pronounced "unethical" by the Medical Profession.

Eckman's Alternative deserves attention, not because it is a "proprietary" but because it really has cured many cases of tuberculosis. If it is a fraud it needs exposing badly, because a number of cured consumptives will need to find some other reason for being well.

Henry Clay said he would rather be right than be President. Is it not better for Eckman's Alternative to make cures than to be ethical?

Walden, Ill., Feb. 3, 1906.
In July, 1905, my physician sent me to Texas, from there to Colorado. I became worse and was sent home to die. I heard of Eckman's Alternative, began treatment and was cured. I earnestly recommend Eckman's wonderful cure for Consumption.

(Signed affidavit) Arthur Webb.
Eckman's Alternative is good for all throat and lung troubles, and is on sale in Barre by Burt H. Wells and other druggists. It can also be obtained at, or procured by, your local druggist. Ask for booklet of cured cases, or write for evidence to the Eckman Laboratory, Philadelphia, Pa.

LOVE'S REVOLUTION

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piece of cloth buoyed dome shaped over the water. There was a human being under that dome.

In another moment it was nearly beneath him. Dropping from the bridge, he caught it as it passed. He and it floated with the current under the bridge. He knew that he held the body of a woman and was raising the head. As they floated out into the moonlight he recognized in the colorless face the woman whom not long before he had led to the altar.

Had he before they parted plunged a knife into her heart he could not have been more fully conscious that he had murdered her. It was the non-resistance of that pale face that changed him. But one overwhelming impulse possessed him. He must save her. If he failed the world would indeed be the horror he had a few moments before conceived it to be. Life might still throb faintly within her, and if he could get her ashore before it ceased he might atone for all he had now conceived himself to be responsible.

Like lightning, power ran down through his nerves to his muscles and made them iron. With one arm about her, holding her chin above the surface, he struck out with the other, and a few strokes brought him and her to the shore. Once there he took her up in both arms, climbed the bank and ran with her to his house.

On bringing her back to life depended whether that house should be home or whether he should be an outcast and a wreck.

He was successful. When she opened her eyes and saw him and where she was a look of infinite pain passed across her face.

"Live, dear heart," he pleaded; "live that I may atone for the wrong I have done you."

"You. It was I. I should have suffered in silence."

"No matter. I know a way to prevent trouble between us in future. Some wise person has said, 'For the causes of disagreement look first within yourself.' Hereafter I shall blame myself and not you. And, blaming myself, you will not move me to anger."

"I never blamed myself till you left me tonight."

A year from that time a baby came, and there was another revolution in which love was triumphant.

MR. BINNEY FAILS.
Opinions of Neighbors, Creditors and His Family.

Mr. Binney failed in business.

One of his neighbors said: "At last!"

Another neighbor said: "I thought they were going to pretty strong for a man of his income. Still, I didn't like to say anything at the time."

A third neighbor said: "Oh, I'm sorry. My dear, we must go over and give Mrs. Binney our deepest sympathy. I'm dying to see how she is taking it."

One brother-in-law said: "If he had lent me that \$300 I asked him for last year, he'd have been that much ahead, anyway. Much good it did him to keep it. Too bad, though, of course."

Another brother-in-law said: "Silly old boy, Binney. He's got it salted away somewhere, all right. Don't you worry."

His butcher said: "Now, a poor man like me has to pay his debts as he goes along. All the same, I'm not worrying about the \$20 he owes me, but I'll bet you if I owed anybody \$20 they'd make my life a misery till they got it."

His wife's best friend (to Mrs. Binney): "Now, my dear, you mustn't mind all the awful things you hear. At a time like this people will talk."

A friend: "A man must either have exceptional capital or exceptional ability to succeed in business nowadays. Poor Binney, as it happens, had neither."

A third friend: "Ninety-five per cent. of business enterprises are unprofitable. There's nothing like a steady, well-paying position."

A knowing acquaintance: "Wise old Binney!"

His daughters: "We must hold our heads up higher than ever as people will say that we are ashamed."

His wife: "He'll be home more now and that is everything."

Binney: "Whew! Thank heaven it's over. Now I've got to hustle and get a job."—New York Sun.

Northfield's Young Man.

Northfield confidently presents the oldest young man in Vermont, in the person of Mr. Samuel McIntosh, who celebrated his ninetieth birthday, March 15, Doubtless there are several older men in the state, but The News doubts if there is another man, who at the age of 90 years, is so well preserved mentally and physically. Mr. McIntosh has none of the infirmities incident to old age and does not even use a cane in walking about town every day. He takes an active interest in current affairs, works a little each day and enjoys life generally. His equal probably does not exist for a man of his age in Vermont and possibly not in New England.—Northfield News.

SOFT COAL MINERS CERTAIN THEY'LL WIN

President Lewis Says Men Will Get Increase Demanded Without a Complete Break.

Indianapolis, April 4.—Advice from bituminous coal fields received by Thomas L. Lewis, president of the United Mine Workers, late Saturday satisfied him, he said, that the suspension of work in the mines, pending the signing of a new wage contract between miners and operators would not be long continued.

Operators and miners in Indiana, Iowa, Illinois, Pennsylvania, Western Kentucky and the Southwest will all be discussing means of settlement of the questions between them this week, said President Lewis. "The matter will work out to the end that we will get the demanded wage increase of 5.55 per cent, whether on work by the day or the ton."

"In Illinois, the Southwest and in Western Pennsylvania the conference will be a final break."

"If the operators of Pennsylvania and Ohio feared that the operators in the non-union districts of West Virginia and that neighborhood would undercut them, that objection to increasing the wages of the union miners has been swept away by the news that in practically all the non-union coal fields of West Virginia, Maryland and Southern Pennsylvania the operators have raised the wages of their unorganized workmen. This is proof that the union men benefits the non-union man."

According to reliable authority, the iron and steel industry about Pittsburgh is proof against serious disturbance, because of the suspension of coal mining in the central competitive districts, as it has accumulated some stock, depends largely upon non-union districts and has the Connellsville field to fall back on.

FIND LOCK OF ANDRE'S HAIR.

Two Long Hidden Relics Taken from Yale College Vault.

New Haven, Conn., April 4.—Two relics have been found in the vaults of the Yale treasury, where they have been hidden for many years. One is a framed sheet of paper, faded and yellow, upon which is fast a lock of hair, which a written inscription shows was taken from the head of Major Andre forty years after his execution. The hair is extremely fine and very dark. It has been placed in the Yale library with the portrait of Major Andre, drawn by himself on the night before his execution and given to an American officer.

The second relic is a large tankard owned by President Desaguet of Yale, from 1766 to 1778.

ANOTHER WOMAN CURED

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Black Duck, Minn.—"About a year ago I wrote you that I was sick and could not do any of my household work. My sickness was called Retroflexion. When I would sit down I felt as if I could not get up. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and did just as you told me and now I am perfectly cured, and have a big baby boy."

Mrs. ANNA ANDERSON, Box 10, Black Duck, Minn.

Consider This Advice.

No woman should submit to a surgical operation, which may mean death, until she has given Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made exclusively from roots and herbs, a fair trial.

This famous medicine for women has for thirty years proved to be the most valuable tonic and invigorator of the female organism. Women residing in almost every city and town in the United States bear willing testimony to the wonderful virtue of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It cures female ill, and creates radiant, buoyant female health. If you are ill, for your own sake as well as for your love, give it a trial.

Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., invites all sick women to write her for advice. Her advice is free, and always helpful.

WILL NOT MEET POPE

Ex-president Roosevelt Will Not Accept

THE CONDITIONS IMPOSED

He Does Not Question the Pope's Right to Receive Whom He Please, but Declines to Limit His Freedom.

Rome, April 4.—The audience which it was believed ex-President Roosevelt would have with the pope on Tuesday will not occur, owing to conditions which the Vatican has imposed, and which Mr. Roosevelt refused to accept.

Although the definite negotiations relative to the audience ended before Mr. Roosevelt left Egypt, the announcement was withheld until after Mr. Roosevelt reached Rome last night, at the solicitation of his American Catholic friends here, who believed that in the meantime the Vatican might change its attitude.

While at Gondokoro in February last, Mr. Roosevelt wrote to Ambassador Lelchman, saying that he would be glad of the honor of an audience with King Victor Emmanuel and the pope. The audience with the king was promptly arranged. Before an arrangement could be reached relative to an audience with the pope, several telegrams were passed, and the negotiations were ended by Mr. Roosevelt refusing in any way to be limited as to his conduct, and announcing that an audience with the pope, under the circumstances, was now impossible.

The history of the negotiations is about as follows:

While at Cairo, Mr. Roosevelt received the following telegram from Ambassador Lelchman, dated March 23:

"Mr. Kennedy, director of the American Catholic college, in reply to an inquiry which I caused to be made, received the following communication from the Vatican: 'The pope will be pleased to receive you, but the conditions must be transmitted to you. The pope will be pleased to grant an audience to Mr. Roosevelt on April 5 and hopes that nothing will arise to prevent it, such as the much regretted incident which made the reception of Mr. Fairbanks impossible.'"

Replying by cable to Ambassador Lelchman on March 25, Mr. Roosevelt said:

"Please present the following to Mr. Kennedy: 'It would be a real pleasure to me to be presented to the holy father, for whom I entertain high respect, both personally and as the head of a great church. I fully recognize his entire right to receive or refuse whomsoever he chooses, for any reason that seems good to him; and if he does not receive me I shall not for a moment question the propriety of his action. On the other hand, I in my turn must decline to make any stipulations or submit to any conditions which in any way would limit my freedom of conduct. I trust that on April 5 he will find it convenient to receive me.'"

On March 28, Mr. Roosevelt at Cairo received a cablegram from Ambassador Lelchman, giving a message from Mr. Kennedy, which concluded by saying: "The audience cannot take place except on understanding expressed in the former message."

The following day Mr. Roosevelt sent another message to the American ambassador, saying: "The proposed presentation is of course now impossible."

Mr. Roosevelt particularly desires that the incident shall be regarded by his friends, both Catholics and Protestants, in America, as personal, and that it shall not give rise to a pernicious controversy. With this end in view, he cabled yesterday the following statement to the Rev. Lyman Abbott, editor of The Outlook, at New York:

"Through The Outlook I wish to make a statement to my fellow Americans, regarding what has occurred in connection with the Vatican. I am sure that the great majority of my fellow citizens, Catholics quite as much as Protestants, will feel that I acted in the only way possible for an American to act, and because of this very fact I most earnestly hope that the incident be treated in a matter of course way as merely personal, and, above all, as not warranting the slightest exhibition of rancor or bitterness. Among my best and closest friends are Catholics. The respect and regard of those of my fellow Americans who are Catholics are as dear to me as the respect and regard of those who are Protestants. On my journey through Africa, I visited many Catholics, as well as many Protestant missions. As I look forward to telling the people at home all that has been done by Catholics and Protestants alike, as I saw it, in the field of missionary endeavor, it would cause me a real pang of pain to have anything said or done that would hurt or give pain to my friends, whatever their religious belief. But any merely personal considerations are of no consequence in this matter. The important consideration is the avoidance of harsh any bitter comment, such as may excite mistrust and anger between and among good men."

"The more an American sees of other countries, the more profound must be his feelings of gratitude that in his own land there is not merely complete toleration, but the heartiest good will and sympathy between sincere and honest men of different faiths, good will and sympathy, daily relations of our American life Catholics and Protestants meet together without thought of the difference of creed being even present in their minds."

"This is a condition so vital to our national well-being that nothing should be permitted to jeopardize it. Bitter comment and criticism, acrimonious attack and defense, are not only profitless, but harmful, and to seize upon such an incident as this as an occasion for controversy would be wholly indefensible and should be frowned upon by Catholics and Protestants alike, and all good Americans."

A Guess.

School Teacher—Tommy, what is the feminine corresponding to the masculine "tag"?

Tommy (whose mother is a society leader)—Afternoon tea, ha'am.—Evening Wisconsin.

CONGRESSMEN FEAR HOME WRATH

If They Should Vote for Autos To Ride In at the Capitol Just as the Senators Have, Says Mr. McCordie.

Washington, April 4.—"You see this broad, smooth roadway glistening with vehicles of any sort? Well, that represents the congressman's fear of his constituents."

Representative McCordie, of Washington, plump, ruddy faced, and just at that moment perspiring freely, paused in his gassy walk through the subway leading to the House office building, from the capitol, and leaned against one of the iron posts for breath. The posts separate the sidewalk of the subway from the sixteen or eighteen foot roadway.

"Over on the Senate side, where there is no fear of an economically inclined constituency," continued Judge McCordie, as he resumed his walk, "they have automobiles to take the senators to and from their offices and the capitol. They make the trip in comfort, with speed, and in a style befitting the dignity of their office. But there are no autos for us. I suppose that one reason they think we do not need automobiles through our subway, is that we are younger men, as a rule, than the senators, and being braver, can walk. Oh, walking does us good, of course, but every time I make the trip either way I feel like getting up in the House and demanding an auto from the appropriation committee."

"We would have had the autos long ago if we were all cowards. But there isn't one man in a hundred in the House that would dare to vote for a bill providing automobiles for this subway. Every member would be dead sure that the vote would be up to please him at the next campaign. It would be a fine slogan for the opposing candidate to cry 'Ah, ha, Congressman Smith is too lazy to walk from his office to the capitol, a distance of two blocks. Over home here he is not too good to walk, but as soon as he gets to Washington he begins to ride around in automobiles at the people's expense.'"

"That may sound ridiculous to the ordinary citizen but it is not at all overdrawn. Many a congressman has lost his official head with less said against him."

The pieces of pie and the glasses of milk are growing smaller in the House restaurant at the capitol. This discouraging fact has been gradually dawning upon the congressman for some time and the shrinkage stops at once, the lucky individual, who is just now conducting the seating house, will find himself facing an investigation.

"This piece of pumpkin pie, made of squash, is just one quarter smaller than the ten cent piece I used to buy here two years ago," remarked one of the western representatives as he surveyed the little three cornered dish. "Considering the fact that the restaurant man gets his rent, his heat and light fee, I do not think that he ought to sting us quite so hard. He charges twenty-five cents for a turkey or chicken sandwich, twenty-five cents for a bowl of soup, fifty cents for a piece of fish no larger than the palm of your hand, and when you buy a steak you are expected to mortgage your home to pay for it."

Senator McCumber was over here the other day and had a steak. When he received his bill, he did a little figuring on the menu card and announced that if the whole of an ordinary steer was sold at the rate that steak brought, the animal would net \$4,000. Now I call that going some."

Over in the Senate restaurant, where the same scale of prices prevail, the Senator has compelled the restaurant manager to place a "No tipping" line on all the menu cards. Consequently the cards are very hard to get nowadays, and if a guest insists upon having a dinner before he orders, the waiter snatches it and buries it under the tablecloth before the next customer sits down. The sign on the cards does not prevent the waiters from grabbing all the tips they can get, nor does it keep them from neglecting a patron the next day if he has forgotten to "come across" on the previous visit.

FRAUDULENT MASTERPIECES.

How "Famous" Works of Art Are Counterfeited To-day.

The most considerable commerce in the business of turning out faked works of art is undoubtedly that of producing counterfeit paintings, ancient and modern. But the work must be done very cleverly, and only those possessed of artistic ability, real talent and an undoubted faculty of assimilation can hope to attain perfection in the art of imitating the paintings of celebrated artists. The usual method is to fix the freshly painted copy on an old canvas, brought for a few cents at the shop of some second-hand dealer, by means of strong and tenacious glue. The painting is then dabbed all over with a mixture of cinders and water, and given a coat of soot to impart the sombre and warm tones which characterize old paintings.

Some operators make use of liquorice juice for this purpose. Finally, the canvas is treated with a mixture of varnish and transparent glue, which, when exposed to the heat of a stove, cracks and stretches, and forms a dry, scaly surface which adds to the antiquated look of the picture. All that then remains to do is to find the conning amateur.

In regard to the "genre modern," bogus Rogers, Delacroix, Borys, Bonner, and Ziem are the canvases most frequently met with, and there are "artists" in this city where numbers of painters are employed exclusively in turning out counterfeits of these masters, which are lauded on the market in considerable quantities.

These counterfeiting specialists are well known to the dealers who trade in faked works of art, and they do not hesitate to apply to them when a vague sets in in the works of any artist, ancient or modern, and the supply from genuine sources is not equal to the demand.

Many artists in Paris who to-day are celebrated remember the historic banquet given a few years ago by a dealer in imitation paintings to indicate his satisfaction with the bogus Michels which his guests had produced for him at a moment when there was a revival of the vogue in the works of that painter.—Paris correspondence of London Globe.

Ceresota Flour

Ceresota Bread for the mainstay of the meal.



Magazine Review

How the Ready Wit of an Irish Queen Subdued the King.

The anger of King Colm was terrible. 'Twas a fortnight before he could address himself to his queen, or look her in the face and speak to her—and what he came to say to her then, was that she was a shame and a disgrace to him, but sure what could be expected, anyhow, when he was such a notorious fool as ever to marry a beggar of a race of boggars. "Get up," say he, "and dress yourself, and have my sight and my castle for evermore."

"Very well and good, me lord," says Saav, says she. "I'm ready. I was prepared for this, as you'll remember, before I married you. But," says she, "you remember your agreement—three back-burdens of the greatest value I choose to carry out of your castle at my leavin'."

"Thirty-three," says he, "if you like. 'Twill be a cheap price to get rid of you."

"Thanky, me lord," says she. "I'll only ask three. And before I've got them out, maybe you'll think it's enough."

"What is the first back-burden you choose?" says he.

"A back-burden," says she, "of gold, silver, diamonds, and jewelry."

In a short time the king had a burden of them piled on her that near as broke her back—and with it she went out over the drawbridge.

When she laid it down, and came back in again, says the king, says he, "What will your second back-burden be?"

"For my second back-burden," says she, "hoist up on me our baby boy."

The king gave a groan that'd rent rocks. But he wasn't the man to be daunted after any woman. He lifted, with his own hands, the boy in whom his heart was wrapped up, and, setting his teeth hard, put him on Saav's shoulders. She carried him out over the drawbridge.

When she came back in again, says Colm, says he, "Now, then, name your third and last burden, and we're done with you forever, thank God."

Says Saav, says she, "Get on me back yourself."

King Colm and his good Queen Saav lived ever after, the happiest and most contented couple that Ireland ever knew—a parable for all kings and queens and married couples in the nation. Saav lived and died the wittiest, as her husband lived ever after and died the justest, and most generous, most reasonable, sensible, affable, and amiable king Ireland ever knew.—From "The Queen's Conquest," in the April Everybody's.

Old Age Pension Not Charity Dole.

When the king's most excellent majesty and the lords spiritual and temporal and the Commons in Parliament assembled enacted the old age pensions act, Jim Hodge got his five shillings. He drew it personally; whatever the law had been, Jim would not have entrusted those precious five shillings to any soul in the world. He walked toward home with a slight limp, because his last job. He could hear the five shillings jingle in his pocket. They were his—his incontestably his as were the wages he once earned. Not all the king's horses and all the king's men could take them away from him.—From an article on "Old Age Pensions," by Walter Weyl, appearing in the March Success Magazine.

The blue-coated "bobbies" whom he saw on the street—were they not there to protect his five shillings? No one would dictate what he should do with his money. He might, if he wished, spend a penny on tobacco; he might stop

in at the restaurant and order a ha'penny cup of tea and a ha'penny roll, and the waiter would pay deference to him as to other patrons. He could pay board to his daughter, three shillings, or three shillings and sixpence, or even four shillings, and have to spare. He could hold his white head erect.

It was not a present to Jim Hodge, this five shillings a week; not a dole, like the coals and the drudging shillings that men got from the charities. The law distinctly said, as Hodge knew, though he had not read it, that "the receipt of an old age pension shall not deprive the pensioner of any franchise, right or privilege, or subject him to any disability." Jim's five shillings came from the same source as did the king's salary.

The Wife Who Remained Silent.

I saw two gentlemen get out of the cab. My husband was one, and Mr. Sinclair helped him up the steps. I let them in myself. We got him upstairs, and when we were in the library I told Mr. Sinclair that I didn't want him to wait that I could do all right without him.

"I think I will, though," he answered. "Kirk is violent sometimes." This time was much worse than before. He talked terribly. I couldn't have gotten along without Mr. Sinclair. He put my husband to bed and gave him some medicine. He seemed to know just what to do. I couldn't but feel that he must have seen Mr. Kirkland this way before many times, though I didn't ask him any questions. He hadn't taken a drop himself—that was evident—but he was pale and worried. It was after two o'clock when he went away.

It went on like this week after week, but his mind was so strong that he stood it perfectly wonderfully, and with a day or two of rest he would be able to go back to work.

I never said anything; I never knew what to say! He must have known all the things I could say by heart. We never referred to it. In the daytime I used to think of advice to give him and things to suggest, but when he came in and wasn't himself, of course I couldn't speak then; and the days after, I was too busy amusing him and reading to him and keeping up his spirits. Then after a while I decided that I would never, never say anything. I guess he watch how silence worked in my case.

From the story of "A Successful Wife," in the April Everybody's.

Three Cheers.

Lyonsander, hall! Immortal man, Bright light of bygone times, To you I warble this poem.

Or, better, pen these rhymes. To you I doff my headgear, sir, Thou celebrated male. (I can't remember who you were, But still, Lyonsander, hall!)

Hail, D'Alembert! Your honored name Has often staggered me; For laurels cluster round the name With such luxuriance.

To followdown you gave your all, A gift of value rare. (Its nature I cannot recall, But—hail to D'Alembert!)

Hail, Amu! Famous man until Men praise no longer give; The deeds that gave you glory will, I feel quite certain, live.

The tooth of time, in quest of sham, Will never worry thee. (I simply cannot place you, Am, But—have a "Hail" to me.)

—Century.

The Usual Thing.

"Doctor, is it absolutely necessary to operate on me?"

"N—no. But it's customary."—Toledo Blade.

SHAWMUT RUBBERS

NOT MADE BY A TRUST



Double the wear where the wear comes

For Sale by